

CD 2009 - 18



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Thursday, February 5, 2009
12:10 pm. Walter Hall. Free.

Thursdays at Noon

Music & Poetry

PROGRAM

Earth and Air and Rain: ten songs for baritone and piano

Gerald Finzi

Text: Thomas Hardy

Summer Schemes
When I set out for Lyonesse
Waiting Both
The Phantom
So I have fared
Rollicum-rorum
To Lizbie Browne
The Clock of the Years
In a Churchyard
Proud Songsters


Peter McGillivray, baritone
Che Anne Loewen, piano
Eric Domville, speaker

NEXT ON THURSDAYS AT NOON

February 26, 12:10 pm.

Spotlight on Opera

A preview of Ravel's *L'enfant et les sortilèges* and *L'heure espagnole*, with excerpts performed by the cast.
Performances: March 5-8



08|09

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BIOGRAPHIES

Collaborative pianist **Che Anne Loewen** has performed throughout Canada and in Europe with many singers and instrumentalists including Catherine Robbin, Measha Brueggergosman, Ben Heppner, Kimberly Barber and Nancy Argenta, and has toured in concert with soprano Lorna MacDonald and trumpeter Guy Few.

Ms. Loewen makes her teaching home at the Faculty of Music where she coaches singers in the graduate programs, teaches Piano-Vocal master classes, Lieder and Advanced German Diction. She has taught and coached many competition winners as guest at the Banff Centre, Dalhousie University, Memorial University, York University, for the National Association of Teachers of Singing, and at the Musikakademie of the Prinzregententheater in Munich, Germany. In the press, she has been praised for her "brilliant support" (Globe and Mail), "truly exquisite articulation" (Fredericton Daily Gleaner) and her "subtlety and nuance" (Halifax Chronicle-Herald).

Ms. Loewen's first love is the art song repertoire and she has acted on that commitment by founding and raising funds for the Greta Kraus Scholarships at the Faculty and the Garth and Marjorie Beckett Fellowships in Collaborative Piano. A highlight of her career was producing the October 2006 tribute honouring

Mary Morrison. In the year 2000 Ms. Loewen made a significant challenge gift to initiate the \$1 million campaign to endow the Lois Marshall Chair in Voice Studies. This chair, which ensures a continuing excellence in voice leadership at the university, also laid the foundation for a master's program in collaborative piano. She has been recognized with a University of Toronto Arbor Award for her voluntarism, has served on the board of Queen of Puddings Music Theatre, Consort Caritatis, and continues to serve on the board of the Aldeburgh Connection Concert Society.

Born in Saskatchewan and raised in Ontario, baritone **Peter McGillivray** gained international attention in 2005 by winning 2nd prize both at the Montreal International Musical Competition and at the 2005 Queen Sonja Competition in Oslo, Norway. He first came to the attention of Canadian listeners both as the winner of the 2003 CBC Young Performers Competition and as member of the Ensemble Studio of the Canadian Opera Company.

Performances in past seasons with the Canadian Opera Company include turns as Sid and as the Vicar in Britten's *Albert Herring*, as Schaunard in Puccini's *La Bohème*, as Dolokhov in Prokofiev's *War and Peace*, and his professional debut as Aeneas in Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*. He has appeared with opera companies in Calgary, Saskatoon and Victoria as well as in concert with the Calgary Philharmonic, Edmonton Symphony, National Arts Centre Orchestra, Winnipeg Symphony, l'Orchestre symphonique de Québec, and the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic.

Mr. McGillivray is a graduate of the University of Toronto's Opera Division where he was a student of Lynn Blaser and Patricia Kern. He also holds an honours degree in Canadian History and Literature from the U of T's University College. His 2009 season includes concerts with the Regina Symphony and Vancouver Bach Choir, Messiah with the Elmer Iseler Singers, and Duruflé's *Requiem* with the Vancouver Chamber Choir. Later this season he will star in the world premiere of Omar Daniel's *The Shadow* with Tapestry New Opera Works in Toronto.

ERIC DOMVILLE is a Professor Emeritus of English at the University of Toronto. Since his retirement, he has extended a longstanding interest in the relationship of words and music. He has lectured, broadcast and written extensively on opera, including articles for the Canadian Opera Company's programme books as well as giving pre-performance talks for the Company. He offers courses on various aspects of opera in the Continuing Education Division of St. Michael's College. Currently he is assisting his wife, Jean MacPhail, in a course on English song at the Royal Conservatory of Music.

TEXTS

1. SUMMER SCHEMES

When friendly summer calls again,
 Calls again
Her little fifiers to these hills,
We'll go—we two—to that arched fane
Of leafage where they prime their bills
Before they start to flood the plain
With quavers, minims, shakes, and trills.
 "--We'll go," I sing: but who shall say
 What may not chance before that day!

And we shall see the waters spring,
 Waters spring
From chinks the scrubby copses crown;
And we shall trace their oncreeping
To where the cascade tumbles down
And sends the bobbing growths aswing,
And ferns not quite but almost drown.
 --"We shall," I say; but who may sing
 Of what another moon will bring!

2. "WHEN I SET OUT FOR LYONNESSE"

When I set out for Lyonesse,
 A hundred miles away,
 The rime was on the spray,
And starlight lit my lonesomeness
When I set out for Lyonesse
 A hundred miles away.

What would bechance at Lyonesse
 While I should sojourn there
 No prophet durst declare,
Nor did the wisest wizard guess
What would bechance at Lyonesse,
 While I should sojourn there.

When I came back from Lyonesse
 With magic in my eyes,
 All marked with mute surmise
My radiance rare and fathomless,
When I came back from Lyonesse
 With magic in my eyes!

3. WAITING BOTH

A star looks down at me,
And says: "Here I and you
Stand, each in our degree:
What do you mean to do,--
 Mean to do?"

I say: "For all I know
Wait, and let Time go by,
Till my change come." --"Just so,"
The star says: "So mean I:--
 So mean I."

4. THE PHANTOM

Queer are the ways of a man I know:
 He comes and stands
 In a careworn craze,
 And looks at the sands
 And the seaward haze
 With moveless hands
 And face and gaze,
 Then turns to go...
And what does he see when he gazes so?

They say he sees as an instant thing
 More clear than today,
 A sweet soft scene
 That once was in play
 By that briny green;
 Yes, notes always
 Warm, real, and keen,
 What his back years bring—
A phantom of his own figuring.

Of this vision of his they might say more:
 Not only there
 Does he see this sight,
 But everywhere
 In his brain—day, night,
 As if on the air
 It were drawn rose bright—
 Yea, far from that shore
Does he carry this vision of heretofore:

A ghost-girl-rider. And though, toil-tried,
 He withers daily,
 Time touches her not,
 But she still rides gaily
 In his rapt thought
 On that shagged and shaly
 Atlantic spot,
 And as when first eyed
Draws rein and sings to the swing of the tide.

5. SO I HAVE FARED

(after reading Psalms XXXIX, XL, etc.)

Simple was I and was young;
Kept no gallant tryst, I;
Even from good words held my tongue,
Quoniam Tu fecisti!
Through my youth I stirred me not,
High adventure missed I,
Left the shining shrines unsought;
Yet--me deduxisti!

At my start by Helicon
Love-lore little wist I,
Worldly less; but footed on;
Why? *Me suscepisti!*

When I failed at fervid rhymes,
"Shall," I said, "persist I?"
"Dies" I would at at times)
"Meos posuisti!"

So I have fared through many suns;
Sadly little grist I
Bring my mill, or any one's,
Domine, Tu scisti!

And at dead of night I call:
"Though to prophets list I,
Which hath understood at all?
Yea: *Quem elegisti?*"

6. ROLLICUM-RORUM

When Lawyers strive to heal a breach,
And Parsons practise what they preach;
Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,
And march his men on London town!
Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum,
Rollicum-rorum, Tol-lol-lay

When Justices hold equal scales,
And Rogues are only found in jails;
Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,
And march his men on London town!
Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum,
Rollicum-rorum, Tol-lol-lay!

When Rich Men find their wealth a curse,
And fill therewith the Poor Man's purse;
Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,
And march his men on London town!
Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum,
Rollicum-rorum, Tol-lol-lay!

When Husbands with their Wives agree,
And Maids won't wed from modesty;
Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,
And march his men on London town!
Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum,
Rollicum-rorum, Tol-lol-lay!

7. TO LIZBIE BROWNE

Dear Lizbie Browne,
Where are you now?
In sun, in rain?—
Or is your brow
Past joy, past pain,
Dear Lizbie Browne?

Sweet Lizbie Browne,
How you could smile,
How you could sing!—
How archly wile
In glance-giving,
Sweet Lizbie Browne!

And, Lizbie Browne,
Who else had hair
Bay-red as yours,
Or flesh so fair
Bred out of doors,
Sweet Lizbie Browne?

When, Lizbie Browne,
You had just begun
To be endeared
By stealth to one,
You disappeared
My Lizbie Browne!

Ay, Lizbie Browne,
So swift your life,
And mine so slow,
You were a wife
Ere I could show
Love, Lizbie Browne.

Still, Lizbie Browne,
You won, they said,
The best of men
When you were wed
Where went you then,
O Lizbie Browne?

Dear Lizbie Browne,
I should have thought,
"Girls ripen fast,"
And coaxed and caught
You ere you passed,
Dear Lizbie Browne!
But, Lizbie Browne,
I let you slip;
Shaped not a sign;
Touched never your lip
With lip of mine,
Lost Lizbie Browne!

So, Lizbie Browne,
When on a day
Men speak of me
As not, you'll say,
"And who was he?"—
Yes, Lizbie Browne!

8. THE CLOCK OF THE YEARS

"A spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up."

And the Spirit said,
"I can make the clock of the years go backward,
But am loth to stop it where you will."

And I cried, "Agreed
To that. Proceed:
It's better than dead!"

He answered, "Peace;"
And called her up—at last before me;
Then younger, younger she grew, to the year
I first had known
Her woman-grown,
And I cried, "Cease!—"

"Thus far is good—
It is enough—let her stay thus always!"
But alas for me—He shook his head:
No stop was there;
And she waned child-fair,
And to babyhood.

Still less in mien
To my great sorrow became she slowly,
And smalled till she was nought at all
In his checkless griff;
And it was as if
She had never been.
"Better," I plained,
"She were dead as before! The memory of her
Had lived in me; but it cannot now!"
And coldly his voice:
"it was your choice
To mar the ordained."

9. IN A CHURCHYARD

"It is sad that so many of worth,
Still in the flesh," sighed the yew,
"Misjudge their lot whom kindly earth
Secludes from view."

"They ride their diurnal round
Each day-span's sum of hours
In peerless ease, without jolt or bound
Or ache like ours."

"If the living could but hear
What is heard by my roots as they creep
Round the restful flock, and the things said there,
No one would weep."

"Now set among the wise,"
They say: "Enlarged in scope,
That no God trumpet us to rise
We truly hope."

I listened to his strange tale
In the mood that stillness brings,
And I grew to accept as the day wore pale
That view of things.

10. PROUD SONGSTERS

The thrushes sing as the sun is going,
And the finches whistle in ones and pairs,
And as it gets dark loud nightingales
In bushes
Pipe, as they can when April wears,
As if all Time were theirs.

These are brand-new birds of twelve-months' growing,
Which a year ago, or less than twain,
No finches were, nor nightingales,
Nor thrushes,
But only particles of grain,
And earth, and air, and rain.